





# THE HERALD.

BARDSTOWN:  
WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1852.

For the Bardstown Herald.  
MAY-DAY CELEBRATION.

## TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, ten lines or less, first insertion, \$2.00  
Each subsequent insertion, \$1.00  
One square three months, \$4.00  
One square six months, \$7.00  
One square one year, \$12.00  
One column, one insertion, \$1.00  
One column, per annum, \$10.00  
Transient Advertisers will be required to pay in advance. When an Advertisement is inserted in the number of times it is to be inserted must be stated. If not stated it will remain in the paper until ordered out, and charged accordingly.  
Those who advertise for six months or one year have the privilege of changing and renewing not exceeding more than three weeks.  
We hope that the above will be plain enough to be understood by all—and that all who advertise will act in accordance with our requirements, instead of trying to get us to lower our prices. The Forthright of the Office has no time to spend in bargaining. This is without respect to persons. We have no disposition to do work cheaply for a close-fisted customer than for our liberal patron who is willing to let the printer live.  
The Herald has an extensive circulation, and business men will find it advantageous to make use of its columns as a means of communicating with the public generally.

## CASH.

Since we have enlarged the BARDSTOWN HERALD our expenses have been considerably increased; we are therefore compelled to adopt the CASH SYSTEM. Our object in doing this, is to enable us to meet promptly the demands on us for CASH for Paper, Ink, Labor, Office rent, &c., &c. Could we collect as we go, it would be better for us as well as for our customers. From those who advertise yearly we expect payments quarterly. For all transient Advertisers, the money must be paid when the work is done—this rule is without exception.

The continuation of our remarks on the philosophy of government is postponed until next week and will be found hereafter on the first side of our paper.

Any information tending to show that our Representative in Congress, Hon. JAS. W. STONE, is still in life, will be thankfully received by his constituents in these parts. We know that he left home for Washington about the beginning of last winter, since which time, so far as we can learn, nothing has been heard from him or of him by anybody in these diggings. We have received bushels of speeches and documents from other members of Congress, not one from him: Serious fears are entertained, that, like Sir John Franklin, he has entirely disappeared from the knowledge of mankind. Perhaps he disdains having anything to do with the proceedings of such a concern as the present Congress, which, it must be confessed, is for the most part a living libel on representative government; still we should be glad to hear from him occasionally at least, if it were merely for the satisfaction of knowing that he is still extant.

We had the pleasure of attending the May-day celebration by the young ladies of the Bardstown Female Academy. The weather was auspicious, and the cloudless sky, the balmy air, the rich golden sunshine glancing through the fresh green foliage of the trees, the gorgeous pillars of spring flowers, the elegant costume and appearance of the young ladies, especially the queen and her attendants, their sparkling, fanciful or humorous addresses, gracefully delivered, the inspiring music, and the brilliant display of female beauty and elegance in the audience, all conspired to render the occasion unusually delightful. A friend has furnished us with a full account of the celebration, which will be found in another column.

Dr. Charles Haynes, the swindler and beguiler, has been tried in the Circuit Court at Paducah for marrying a lady of that city while he had a wife living at Cincinnati, found guilty and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. The people were so much incensed against him that the Court had to appoint a guard to protect him from popular vengeance. Another extraordinary feature of the trial was that many of the witnesses were summoned by telephone.

There was a very heavy storm on Friday night along the Ohio. At Louisville several houses were damaged, and among them was the splendid block just above the Galt House, which lost a part of its roof. The roof and gable ends of a new house on Broadway were blown down, and in the lower part of the city a stable was entirely demolished and a house killed.

At Leavenworth, Ia., no less than forty houses were destroyed, being about two thirds of the town; one man was killed and several persons wounded.

It will be seen by referring to our new advertisements that Messrs. Wilson & Nourse have bought the stock of Groceries of Messrs. Queen & Unsell which, in addition to their former stock, will enable them to supply their customers with every thing in their line.

Messrs. Nourse & Hackley have opened their large and extensive stock of Dry Goods, Banners, Cloths, Cassimers, Vestings, &c., &c., and are now prepared to furnish all their friends, and the public generally, with all articles usually kept in such establishments.

## Communication.

For the Bardstown Herald.  
MAY-DAY CELEBRATION.

According to previous arrangements, the Young Ladies of the Bardstown Female Academy celebrated the First of May in their usually appropriate manner; a beautiful custom which they have observed for a number of years. The day was bright and cloudless, and the air mild and balmy. About 3 o'clock a large assemblage composed of the beauty and the fashion of Bardstown, had assembled to witness the ceremony.

Miss S—, of Virginia, was chosen and crowned with a garland of flowers "Queen of the May," a selection evincing a high order of taste, if one could judge from her queenly and dignified manner and the grace with which she presided whilst receiving the homage of her subjects. To be chosen queen from amid such an array of beauty of grace and genius—from amid "flowers of all hues and smiling in their beauty"—is no idle compliment and well did she deserve it, for

"Around her shone  
The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the music breathing from her face—"

Miss M—, Miss T—, Miss L—, and Miss D— were her maids of honor, and performed their parts with great ease and dignity. Miss M— and Miss L— addressed the Queen in speeches of decided merit and ability which thrilled and delighted all with their force of style and beauty of sentiment. Miss M— crowned the Queen, congratulated her on her exaltation, acknowledged her right to rule as one chosen for the lovely simplicity of her life and the beauty of her character, and promised her the loyalty and affections of her loving and devoted subjects—

"In her mien and in her face  
And in her young step's fairy lightness  
Nought could be so 'raptured gaze trace  
But Beauty's glow and Pleasure's brightness."

Miss T— attracted the attention of all. She has "a form of light and life," and her manners and gestures are perfectly easy and natural.

Miss L—, who is a native of Mississippi, "soft as her clime and sunny as her skies," presented the sceptre and delivered an address marked with beauty, elegance and brilliancy. She moved, "a bright particular star," radiant with loveliness and

"Garmented in light  
From her own beauty—"

Her grace of motion and of look, her symmetry of form and feature, cast a spell of witchery over every heart. The presentation was graceful and dignified—her style chaste and elegant, and her voice rich and "soft as music's own."

"Her words had such a melting flow,  
And spoke of truth so sweetly well,  
They dropped like Heaven's sereneest snow,  
And all was brightness where they fell."

Miss D— gave the history of a "Discontented Flower."—She seemed like the creation of some bright dream—beautiful—beautiful.

Miss L—, of Tennessee, had a very fine composition on the "Melodies of Nature;" and Miss F—, with "her dark eye flashing like a sunlit gem," also recited a most beautiful composition on "Where Does Beauty Dwell."

Miss G— enchaind the attention and rivetted the gaze of all,—She has a face of exceeding pleasantness and brightness, always lighted with smiles, and

"A queenly form  
Stately, and yet as graceful in its trend  
As some Gazelle in its own native wild."

She repeated Amelia's beautiful poem entitled "The Rainbow," and although I have read and heard it read often, yet never before did I so fully realize its exquisite beauty.—The light beaming from her joyous eye, the music gushing from her lips and the animation of her expression won the admiration of every beholder:—

"She was like  
A dream of poetry—that may not be  
Written or told—exceedingly beautiful."

Miss S—, Miss H—, Miss B—, and others deserve more than a passing notice, but space forbids it. The performance concluded with the repetition of an amusing piece styled "Old Bachelors," which was decidedly piquant and pointed as the blushes of several single gentlemen plainly indicated.

Everything passed off in fine style. The performance was admirable, being tastefully conceived and elegantly executed. Such occasions are "bright star-gleams on life's silent river," and are always full of delight and interest. I have seldom spent an hour more agreeably, and the memory of that will linger with me for long years to come.

SPECTATOR.

We have received a book from Messrs. Booth & Blancagnell, entitled "Wau-nan-gee; or the Massacre of Chicago, a thrilling Tale of the Indian Wars of 1812, by Major Richardson.

EMIGRANTS FOR LIBERIA.—It is the design of the Kentucky Colonization Society to send emigrants from Kentucky to Liberia, between the 1st and 10th of January next. Already a number of applications have been made.—All persons desirous of going in that expedition will give the information to Rev. A. M. Cowan, Frankfort, Ky. The papers published in the State, religious and secular, will favor the Colonization Society by calling the attention of their respective readers to this notice.

A. M. COWAN.  
Agent Ky. Colonization Society.

Extract from the London correspondence of the North American.

It is expected that the next bold step of Louis Napoleon will be to proclaim the Empire. Prince Louis addressed the Judges of the Superior Courts on Sunday last, when they took the oath of allegiance, and he intimated that he was the legitimate successor of Napoleon, and had a right to the throne of France by birth! This doctrine of Imperial legitimacy caused a profound sensation in Paris. The correspondent of the Times writes that, if there existed any doubt about the Imperialist tendencies and hopes of the personage who is still, by courtesy, entitled the President of the French Republic, Louis Napoleon's short address to the magistracy would remove it. The avowal of these tendencies has not come on the public unawares; nevertheless, no trifling sensation has been produced from the off-hand sort of manner in which the great principle of universal suffrage seems to be treated by Louis Napoleon.

It is not alone on the elections of '48 and '51 that he founds his claims to sovereignty. He is no longer the elect of the 10th or the 20th of December, but the legitimate successor of Napoleon by right of birth! The effect of this declaration in France and throughout Europe remains to be seen. It is supposed that on the 5th of May—the anniversary of the death of the Emperor—the empire will be proclaimed.—Whilst the eagle is spreading his wings, and preparing for a new ascent, the secret societies are trying to bind together their broken links in Paris. The propaganda is once more attempted, and funds are raised for the purpose. The Paris correspondent of the Chronicle writes that Louis Napoleon's speech to the judges created "quite a sensation" in political circles, because it is a further step towards the re-establishment of the Empire, and because it affords additional proof of the little faith to be placed in Louis Napoleon's word, even when expressed on the most solemn occasions, and in face of all France. It is added that, among the powers said to be most hostile to the Empire, is Russia, and she will support Louis Napoleon only in the temporary exercise of his power.

Austria has just lost one of her ablest statesmen. Prince Schwarzenberg, the Austrian Prime Minister, died at Vienna on Monday last. He was a leading man on the European political platform. After the revolutions of '48, which shook so many thrones, the Prime Minister of Austria became chief of the counter-revolution, and re-established order by military despotism. The Metternich policy of the last thirty years was everywhere adopted and rigorously enforced. He found Austria in the dust, weak and without resources, and he raised her to her former dignity, rank, and power. During the three to four years Prince Schwarzenberg held office, he met several extraordinary successes, although the Hungarian campaigns were a series of disasters, and Austria was compelled to ask assistance of Russia.

But great as were the talents of Schwarzenberg, he committed blunders and crimes in dealing with the Hungarian question; and, in short, neither his public nor his private character can be examined impartially without damaging his great name. He was a bully, a braggart, a hypocrite, and a debauchee. When at the Court of Great Britain, in 1830, he had a notorious liaison with the wife of a noble lord, and it was the subject of legal proceedings. Lord Ellenborough obtained a divorce from his wife by the unpardonable and scandalous conduct of Schwarzenberg.—Many of the English journalists pass lightly by his greatest crimes, they are so dazzled by the brilliant political history of the statesman. But Hungary will never forget the Austrian Minister's true character.

The news which reached London, via Plymouth, on Wednesday, of the total wreck of H. M. steamer *Birkenhead* in February last, near Simon's Bay, has caused a most painful sensation. It is the most deplorable disaster that has occurred in late years to an ocean steamer, as several hundred human beings suddenly lost their lives. The *Birkenhead* was one of the finest steamers in the British navy, and had a prosperous run of forty-seven days from Portsmouth to Simon's Bay. She had on board fourteen officers and four hundred and seventy-two men, to recruit the regiments now serving in Kaffirland. The steamer struck on a ledge of rocks which stretches out from Point Danger, and she filled immediately with water, broke assunder, and went down in twenty minutes. This appalling catastrophe happened on the 26th of February. According to the statement of the Assistant Surgeon of the steamer, it would appear that only about seventy persons were saved, out of six hundred and thirty souls.—The *Cape Monitor* of March 31 says, however, that there were six hundred and thirty-eight persons on board, that one hundred and eighty-four were saved, and that four hundred and fifty-four persons were suddenly launched into eternity.

The names of Kossuth and Mazzini were at one time "household words" in England, but, strange to say, now they are seldom mentioned. Mazzini has quarrelled with the French republican party in this country, and it appears, Kossuth has lost friends in the United States. Kossuth's career in America was fully reported here when he first arrived there, but now no notice is taken of his speeches by the journalists. Kossuth's present unpopularity in the United States is much relished by the Times, which never allows any opportunity to pass without giving him a blow. Its correspondents in America, too, speak disparagingly of the Magyar, and faithfully report every incident connected with his tour in America which may tend to leave a stain upon his great name. A letter of the New York correspondent of the Times, received by the last American mail, not only states that poor Kossuth's career is about over, but that

"if he has not gone mad, it must be because he never was sane." Kossuth's conduct towards Mr. Clay is alluded to as an outrage upon public opinion, by insulting, in the grossest manner, the great Kentucky Senator. Kossuth boldly told the Germans, says this correspondent, that they must pay no regard to the laws or treaties of the country, but advocate and sustain his principles at all hazards, since in no other way could they hope to see their "Fatherland" redeemed. "It was certainly a bold game to play in Mr. Clay's own State—a State he has represented for almost half a century in Congress, and been the idol of from his youth. Kossuth was smarting under the courteous and just, but severe, rebuke Mr. Clay administered to him in Washington; and the Hungarian revenged himself by attempting to inflame the animosity of the foreign population against him in his own State. But his batteries were very soon turned against himself"—"in trying to inflame a sympathy for his cause in the Southern States, he is attempting an impossibility." The writer draws a contrast between Kossuth and the aged and wise Ujhazi. The former has betrayed "disgusting egotism, and the most intolerable impudence and presumption, and has done more to extinguish the sympathies of the Americans for the cause of Hungary than Hungary or all the world can undo for many years."

The American expedition to Japan is alluded to in a letter which appeared in yesterday's Times. The writer is evidently an American, for he says that the United States will shortly enact the same gunpowder drama England played in '42 with China, "and we shall do it with less moderation. Already the Sandwich Islands, like ripe fruit, are falling into our hands. Other Pacific clusters are ready to be gathered. And then will come Japan, whose brilliant, opulent, and populous capital already glares on the eye of ambition, and inflames the heart of cupid. We have finished up America, and as there is nothing to hope for in Europe, the eye of the nation is now bent on the ancient shores of Asia." The writer gives several reasons to justify the expedition to Japan, and says it should have been sent long ago, "to make inquiry for blood unrighteously shed by the Japanese." But he believes there may be a political object in the expedition, and that object refers to the next Presidential election, when the telegraph, announcing a great American naval victory off the coast of Japan, could be made a valuable adjunct in that great combat—the election.

EXCELLENCE NOT LIMITED BY STATION.

THERE is not a more common error of self-deception, than a habit of considering our stations in life so ill-suited to our powers, as to be unworthy of calling out a full and proper exercise of our virtues and talents.

As society is constituted, there cannot be many employments which demand very brilliant talents, or great delicacy of taste for their proper discharge. The great bulk of society is composed of plain, plodding men, who move "right onwards" to the sober duties of their calling. At the same time, the universal good demands that those whom nature has greatly endowed should be called from the ordinary track to take up higher and more exalted duties. America, happily for us, is full of bright examples the greatest men raised from the meanest situations; and the education which America is now bestowing upon her children will multiply these examples. But a partial and incomplete diffusion of knowledge will also multiply the victims of that evil principle which postpones the discharge of present and immediate duties, for the anticipations of some destiny above the labors of a handicraftsman, or the calculations of a shopkeeper. Years and experience, which afford us the opportunity of comparing our own powers with those of others, will, it is true, correct the inconsistent expectations which arise from a want of capacity to set the right value on ourselves. But wisdom thus gained may come too late. The object of desire may be found decidedly unattainable, and existence is then wasted in a sluggish contempt of present duties; the spirit is broken; the temper is soured; habits of misanthropy and personal neglect creep on; and life eventually becomes a miserable pilgrimage of never satisfied desires. Youth, however, is happily not without its guide, if it will take a warning from example. Of the highly gifted men whose abandonment of their humble calling has been the apparent beginning of a distinguished career, we do not recollect an instance of one who did not pursue that humble calling with credit and success, until the occasion presented itself for exhibiting those superior powers which nature occasionally bestows. Benjamin Franklin was as valuable to his master as a printer's apprentice, as he was to his country as a statesman and a negotiator, or to the world as a philosopher. Had he not been so, indeed, it may be doubted whether he ever would have taken his rank among the first statesmen and philosophers of his time. One of the great secrets of advancing in life is to be ready to take advantage of those opportunities which, if a man really possesses superior abilities, are sure to present themselves some time or other.

BETTING WITH A MULE.—A Georgia negro was riding a mule along, and came to a bridge, and the mule stopped. "I'll bet you a quarter," said Jack, "I'll make you go over this bridge," and with that struck the mule over the ears, which made him nod his head suddenly. "You take de bet, den," said the negro, and he contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge. "I won dat quarter, anyhow," said Jack.

"But how will you get your money?" said a man who had been close by unperceived.

"To-morrow," said Jack, "massa gib me a dollar to get corn for de mule, and I takes de quarter out."

Read the advertisements in this week's paper.

## A DESPERATE AFFRAY.

A gentleman who arrived in the stage from Danville, on Saturday night, gives us the particulars of a terrible affray which occurred in that town on Friday, between Joseph and Alfred Shelby on one part, and Frank Cowan on the other. The difficulty originated from an anonymous letter written to Miss Shelby, a young lady and sister of the Shelys, who reside in Lincoln county.—Cowan was charged with being the author of it, and wrote a letter to Miss Shelby to that effect. The charge however was persisted in, and the brothers Shelby threatened to cowhide Cowan.

On Friday, Cowan passed Joseph Shelby standing in the street of Danville, and as he came up to him, Shelby pronounced Cowan "a coward a damned coward." Cowan replied that he sought no difficulty, and passed on.—After having gone a few paces, he looked back and saw Shelby draw a pistol. Cowan immediately turned round and drew a pistol, Shelby had a five barrel revolver and fired first. Cowan fired three single barrel pistols. Shelby fired all his barrels, one taking effect in the fleshy part of Cowan's thigh.—The 3d fire from Cowan took effect on Shelby, the ball passing on one side of his neck and out the other, lodging in his shirt. Shelby staggered in a store where his brother Alfred was and fell. The latter then seized a bowie-knife advanced on Cowan, and threw it at Cowan without effect. Cowan then pursued Alfred with a bowie-knife in hand, when several persons then interfered and no further harm done. The parties are all young men.—Journal.

## IMMENSITY OF LONDON.

Mr. Drew of the Gospel Banner, in one of his letters, attempts to convey an idea of the metropolis of the world thus:

"Take every incorporated city in the United States, with the population as I have them before me in the census of 1850, and run them all into one and the whole would make a city but half the size of London! Or let the reader in imagination, if he will, mark out before him a territory spacious enough to contain every man and child with every building, large and small, public and private, in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, all of New England being thus brought together, with sufficient compactness to constitute one continuous 'settlement,' and then he would have before him a city about as large, but by no means as splendid, as I now am in. There are more commons in the heart of London than Uncle Sam has offered to all the cities of the republic put together. London has a resident population of 2,500,000. At this moment there are in it more than three million souls. It covers an area of 14 miles wide, by 13 miles long, and has about 10,000 streets. The principal parks are St. James Park (57 acres) Green Park (56 acres) Kennington Gardens running into each other, and together covering 500 acres of land, there are also the Regents Park (450 acres) Victoria Park (300 acres) Greenwich Park (200 acres) besides innumerable squares and commons of considerable area and much beauty."

## What a Little Punctuality would do.

If Jerry Dilatory would pay us the two dollars he owes us, we would pay Mr. Drygoods the two dollars we owe him, he would pay Sam Vulcan for shoeing his horse; Sam would pay Bob Charcoal for his coal; Bob would pay Joe Axeman for his chopping; Joe would pay Jack Grist for his cornmeal; and Mr. Grist would pay Doctor Esculapian for the medicine that came so near 'getting down' his child; the Doctor would pay the Widow Broom for her washing; she would pay Bill Grocer the two dollars she owes him; Grocer would pay "Coke upon Lytleton" his fee for council in the case of the State of Ohio vs. Bill Grocer; "Coke upon Lytleton" could then go and pay Peter Crispin for the mending of his boots; Peter could then go and pay Tim Haystack the two dollars he owes him on the hay he bought of him last week, and Tim is such an honest soul that we know he would also come right in and pay us the two dollars he owes us on subscription—and then we would buy a chicken, a dozen of eggs, a half bushel of cornmeal to make a "dodger," and we, ourselves, individually, and our wife, and our "tidly-wee" things, would "boast one splendid banquet once a year!" and we would have a dime in our pocket, "baby in the cradle, end a little while to rock it!"

But because Jerry Dilatory is not honest enough to pay—not one of those debts can be paid, and we cannot have the feast of "fat things" at all. Ah, Jerry Dilatory! You are the cause of all this trouble! You prevent all this happiness! It requires all our forbearance to keep from giving you "particular jesse." We feel as though we would like to take a scythe and mow down a ten acre field of such men.—They are excrescences on society, that mar its beauty and harmony, clog its energies, destroy its peace, and waste its substance.

Still, men are so, and we suppose they will remain so a little while yet; but we do hope there is a better time coming—a time when to owe a man and not pay him, will be considered akin to stealing—when all will adopt the Scriptural motto—"Owe no man anything."

A witty young lady is Miss B. While listening to a very original and eloquent orator, a gentleman remarked of a particular passage that it was exceeding rare.—"Nay, indeed," said the lady, "I think it is uncommonly well done!"

Why is a woman's tongue like a planet? Because nothing short of the power that created it is able to stop it.

P. S. The rascal who perpetrated this crime left for California on Saturday last.

It is said that words hurt nobody; nevertheless, Samson jawed a thousand Philistines in that!

## Lola Montes and Moral Men.

The New York Mirror tells the following good story about the dashing, daring and eccentric Lola Montes:

When Lola was in Washington she received a good deal of attention from certain honorable gentlemen, who are numbered among the dignitaries of the nation. Several Senators called upon her at her lodgings at the Irvin House; and a certain daring member of the House gave her an airing on the avenue, in one of the most dashing turn-outs of the city. The ostentation of his attention naturally excited some remark; and at an evening party a day or two after the display on the avenue, the honorable individual came up to a lady, who was conversing with a gentleman and said, somewhat severely, "he should like to hear any man censure him for driving out the incomparable countess." The gentleman to whom this was evidently addressed, rather sarcastically remarked, "Sir, I do not think your reputation is injured in the least by your attention to Lola Montes."

A member of the press also called upon the fair Countess, when the conversation turned upon the American gentlemen. Mr. M— said to her, "I suppose you prefer the society of intellectual men." "No, I do not," said Lola; intellectual men are generally selfish, and fashionable men are always shallow. "What kind of men then do you like?" inquired Mr. M—. "Moral men," said Lola; at which Mr. M— looked at her with an expression of mingled surprise and incredulity; whereat her bright eyes flashed, her bosom heaved, and her whole frame was dilated, as she repeated with a tone that thrilled, and a gesture that startled, "Yes, sir, moral men!" whereupon the astonished editor retired with a flea in his ear.

To another gentleman she expressed great disgust at the immorality of the American Senators.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.  
CHEAP TOOTH DRAWING.

CHEAPNESS, with a very large class of persons, is ever the strongest recommendation of an article, or the decisive reason for selecting a particular agent to perform a service. Such rarely enlarge in speaking of what they have bought, or had done, of the good quality or good work obtained, but on the low price at which the one or the other has been secured. As a general thing, they do not get any more than they bargain for; and, in not a few cases, they receive rather less.

We heard a story of one of these cheap individuals not long since, which provoked a smile. He had occasion for the services of a dentist, who was something of a humorist.

"What do you ask for pulling a tooth?" he asked of Forces, on entering his office. A swollen and inflamed cheek, showed that he stood in need of professional aid.

"Fifty cents," was replied.

"Never gave but a quarter," said the sufferer, in as decided a voice as pain would allow him to assume.

"My charge is fifty cents," returned the operator, in quite as decided a manner.

"Can't pay so much. Quarter is enough. You only have to put on your irons, and its out in three seconds." Wish I had as much as I could do at pulling teeth for a quarter a-piece.—Come now, friend, money is money these times. Don't you never pull teeth for a quarter?"

"Sometimes," replied the dentist, whose sense of the ludicrous was as ready touched, and whose natural love for a practical joke had become excited.

"Then you'll pull mine out for that price?" said the patient.

"O yes, if you wish me to do so," was answered.

Down sat the patient, and the dentist was soon cutting away at his gums in the coolest and most deliberate way imaginable.

"My gracious!" exclaimed the sufferer, so soon as the gum-cutting operation was over. "But you did hurt me dreadfully."

The dentist now applied a pair of forceps to the offending tooth, and gave it a wrench which fairly brought the patient to his feet.

"Is it out, doctor?" was eagerly asked.

"Not yet," coolly replied the dentist. "Sit down again, and I'll make another trial."

So the man sat down once more, and the forceps were again applied. There was another severe wrench; but the tooth refused to come.

"Mercy on us, doctor! Is this the way you pull teeth?" screamed the patient, as he seized the dentist's hand with a nervous grip.

"It's the way I pull teeth for a quarter," replied the dentist, with a twinkle in his eyes, which the other, even in his pain, did not fail to see.

"Pull mine for fifty cents, then," quickly returned the writhing victim.

"That's the way it done," said Forces, a moment after, as, with a dexterous motion of his practised hand, he removed with comparatively slight pain, the tooth from his socket, and held it up to the patient's view.

The half dollar was paid, and the man departed with a dawning perception in his mind, that cheap things are, sometimes, the dearest we can buy.

We heard lately repeated, says the Brookville American, the grounds of strong and devoted attachment. A young and beautiful but poor widow, was about to marry an old rich widower. Her friend wished to know what she was about to marry him for.—She feebly replied:

"Pure love—I love the ground (meaning the farm probably) on which he walks and the very house in which he lives!" There is a platonic love for you. There is none of your school girl foolishness in that!

## UMBRELLA STORY.

It was Punch, if we remember rightly, who told the story, some years ago, of a man who loaned an umbrella to a friend, a tradesman in his street, on a wet nasty day. It was not returned, and on another wet, disagreeable day, he called for it, but found his friend at the door, going out with it in his hand.

"I have come for my umbrella," exclaimed the lender.

"Can't help that," exclaimed the borrower; "don't you see that I am going out with it?"

"Well—yes—" replied the lender, assuaged at such outrageous impudence; "yes but—but—but what am I to do?"

"Do!" replied the other as he threw up the top, and walked off; "do as I did: borrow one!"

## TO THE PEOPLE OF NELSON COUNTY.

At the solicitation of friends, seconded by my own inclination, I consented some months since to become a candidate for the office of Sheriff, which office will become vacated by law unless another Sheriff be elected at our next August Election.

I trust that my standing before you as a candidate for the Sheriffship will not be considered in me as arrogant or presumptuous. We all have, under our present constitution, the right of placing ourselves before the people for the office I seek at your hands, and it is your province to say who you will honor with your confidence, and who shall be your public servant in the capacity of Sheriff. I have had for years the opportunity of gaining information in regard to the duties of our ministerial officers, especially the office of Sheriff; and I feel confident, should you honor me with that high position that I could and would faithfully perform every duty which might devolve upon me.

I have I know formidable opposition to contend with. Against my opponent, Mr. S. Johnson, should he be elected, I have ought to say individually, or against Mr. E. H. McKay and Mr. E. H. Gore, who are designated, I understand, as his Deputies; but I have thought that the occupation of the office for some ten or twelve years should satisfy these three individuals, and that the people should select another if they found him worthy.

I shall trust to you my fellow-citizens, for a fair and just decision between my competitor and myself, and shall consider myself as running this race with him alone, and not against the present Sheriff and his two deputies.

I confess to you, frankly, that from inquiry and my own knowledge I have fixed in my own mind upon a Deputy in each of the districts now occupied by Mr. Gore and the present Sheriff, Mr. McKay, should I be elected: but at the same time, I pledge myself that no man shall be a deputy of mine who is not competent and honest, and who does not possess the good opinion of his fellow-citizens. I pledge myself further, that should I be your high Sheriff, there shall be, (as the duty of the office requires), an office at your county seat in Bardstown, always occupied by myself, or a deputy unless temporarily absent on the business of the office.

I shall be grateful to the people of my native County if elected, not only for the honor you will bestow upon me, but also because the emoluments of that office will the better enable me to provide for my family.

JOHN H. TALBOTT.

FRESH SUPPLIES RECEIVED DAILY—  
Cove Oysters;  
Spiced do  
Sardines;  
Fresh Cakes, Candies, &c., &c.,  
Constantly on hand and for sale very cheap for cash by McDONNALL, may5

PERSONS having Cows, Horses, Hogs, &c., to sell, will be likely to receive more information by calling at the Wholesale and Retail Grocery and Produce Store of WILSON & NOURSE.

A LARGE lot of ODD LIDS constantly kept by WILSON & NOURSE.

WE have a few boxes of the INFALLIBLE YEAST POWDER, WILSON & NOURSE.

PRIME OLD JAVA COFFEE for sale by COLLINGS & WELLS.

25 CANS BALTIMORE COVE OYSTERS;  
18 do do Spiced do  
in store and for sale by dec4 COLLINGS & WELLS.

A new Geography, just published, speaking of the chief towns of Kentucky, says "Bardstown is a beautiful village situated on one of the banks of old Salt river. It is noted for the beauty of its ladies and for the beauty of the Degeneresque taken by Booth & Blancagnell," who have this Geography for sale, also, a variety of other books which they offer at Louisville prices.







